

# THE LITERARY CASKET:

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### REFLECTION.

#### CHURCH-YARD REVERIES.

What a fine field for contemplation does a country church yard present! and how beautifully has Montgomery painted the calm and soothing attractions of its quiet seclusion.

A scene sequestered from the haunts of men,  
The loveliest nook in all that lonely glen;  
Where weary pilgrims found their last repose.  
The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,  
With walks between, where friends and kindred trod,  
Who dress'd with duteous hand each hallow'd sod.  
No sculptured monument was wrought to breathe;  
The high, the low, the mighty and the fair,  
Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there.  
Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot,  
By one dishonour'd, or by all forgot.  
To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear.  
From some kind eye the meanest claim'd a tear,  
And oft the living, by affection led,  
Were wont to walk in spirit with the dead;  
Where no dark cypress casts a doleful gloom,  
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,  
But white and red, with intermingling flower,—  
The grave look'd beautiful in sun and shower.  
'Twas not a scene for grief to nourish care—  
It breath'd of hope, and moved the heart to prayer!

I do not marvel that it should have inspired Gray, or that it should have become similarly beneficial to other bards, for he must have a strange heart who can resist the quiet and soothing influence of its sequestered solitude. Who can walk among the grassy tombs—

— transversely lying side by side,  
From east to west—

with indifference, or read with unconcern 'the short, but simple annals of the poor.' Who besides, can gaze upon the worms and the beetles, which the sexton has disturbed in preparing another resting-place for frail mortality, without being conscious that the reptiles, writhing in impotent petulance, have been rioting upon the damask cheek of beauty—or, it may be, fattening upon some proud lord of the soil, whose rank and wealth could not preserve him, even though cased in lead, from the common corruption of the grave. There is, also, some instructive lessons to be learned from the mouldering bones, which are kicked about indiscriminately by idle boys. Shakspeare, Sterne—alas! poor Yorick!—and several of our older writers have deduced many a moral from such relics.

And then the grave itself! the dark, dark, damp desolate, rapacious grave! With what different feelings do its numerous victims prepare to descend into its dim recesses! Some are buoyed up with hope—others cast down, shaken, almost maddened by fear, and hopeless, unceasing, overwhelling despair: some seek its gloomy protection with joy, others descend into its

cold profundity with sorrow, and others with calm indifference. The man of "three-score years and ten, who has lived throughout his brief span, subject to the varied good and evil of humanity, will 'go down into the grave' in peace, and with the hope of a renewed and blessed existence in eternity. The strong and lusty sinner, with defiance on his lip, and boldness—the boldness of despair and guilt—upon his unbending brow will still wrestle with the mortal stroke, till the arrow has pierced his vitals. The young mother, although sustained and elevated by fervent hope, soothed, even in the dark hour of departing life, by a consciousness of her own meek virtues—think you, will she leave her weeping husband, her darling babes—the bright sunshine of youth—the sweet hopes and fears, and joys, aye, or even the griefs of mortality unmoved? Oh! no, no! she would willingly forego her doom, even were it only for a short season, and although that brief season were to afford nought but the bitterness of life—the 'wormwood and the gall.' The man of sorrow, whose life has been but spariely 'chequer'd o'er with good things of this world,' whose spirit has been bruised and broken by the unfeeling hard-heartedness of his fellow men; who has languished on in poverty, and nakedness, and hunger—without friends—for who will befriend the wretched?—without kindred—for who will acknowledge the hapless?—without a being to whom he could apply for succour, or from whom he could expect even the uncostly balm of a kind word—to such an one—and many such there are—the grave is a bed of down, & soft as the breath of even, where he may rest in peace, secure at length from the wants, and woes, and bitter humiliations of poor humanity.

### MASONIC.

#### A BRIEF HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

America derived her masonic, as she did her religious and political institutions from England. The first Grand Lodge in England, of which we have any authentic account, was established in the year 926. There was a record of the society, written in the time of Edward IV. in the possession of Elias Ashmole, M. D. the celebrated founder of the Ashmolean Museum, in the University of Oxford. This record gives the first account of the formation of this Grand Lodge. It states, "that though the ancient records of the brotherhood in England, were many of them destroy'd, or lost, in the wars of the Saxons and Danes, yet King Athelstane, (the grandson of King Alfred the Great, a mighty architect,) the first anointed king of England, when he had brought the land into rest and peace, built many great works, and encouraged many Masons from France, who were appointed overseers thereof, and brought with them the charges and regulations of the Lodges, preserved since the Roman times; who also prevailed with the king to improve the constitution of the English Lodges, according to the foreign model."

From this paragraph we may infer that, there were already in England, Lodges, working under a regular system, and that in 926 they were modelled after the form of the French Lodges. It likewise appears the Masonry flourished on the continent of Europe, before it did in England. The record proceeds to state:

"That the king's brother, Prince Edwin, being taught

Masonry, and taking upon him the charges of a Master Mason, for the love he had to the craft, and the honourable principles whereon it is grounded, purchased a free charter of King Athelstane, for the Masons having a correction among themselves, (as it was anciently expressed,) or a freedom and power to regulate themselves, to amend what might happen amiss, and to hold a yearly communication and general assembly."

"That accordingly, Prince Edwin summoned all the Masons in the realm to meet in a congregation at York, in June, A. D. 926, who came and composed a general Lodge, of which he was appointed Grand Master. And having brought with them all the writings and records extant, some in Greek, some in Latin, some in French, and other languages, from the contents thereof that assembly did frame the constitution and charges of the English Lodge, made a law to preserve and observe the same in all time coming," &c.

As Masonry flourished, and Lodges increased in England, it was deemed necessary to have a governing body in the South, as well as in the North. In the year 1567, a Grand Lodge was established in London, with a sanction and assistance of the Lodge at York; and Sir Thomas Gresham was appointed the first Grand Master. In the year 1604, the celebrated Architect Inigo Jones, was Grand Master of this Lodge. The two Lodges now assumed distinctive names; that in London was called *The Grand Lodge of England*; and the old Lodge sitting at York, was called *The Grand Lodge of ALL England*. These titles were, no doubt, derived from the ecclesiastical distinction between the provinces of Canterbury and York. His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury is *Metropolitan*, or *Primate of ALL England*. Canterbury was the first Archiepiscopal See in England, and York, the first Masonic Jurisdiction. These two Grand Lodges lived in perfect friendship, correspondence and harmony; professing the same principles; teaching the same doctrine; possessing the same Constitutions; performing the same work; and having the same marks of distinction. The Lodge in London deriving their authority from the Lodge at York, and the York Lodge being modelled after the form of the Lodges on the continent, sufficiently proves that there was but one system of Masonry throughout the world, and the brethren were every where called, *Free and Accepted Masons*.

This subsistence of fundamental principles, in the two Grand Lodges in England, is further corroborated by the following circumstance: Before the year 1718, it was not deemed necessary by the craft, to obtain from the Grand Lodge, a Warrant of Constitution for holding a subordinate Lodge. Permission for this purpose was given by the sheriff, or chief magistrate of the place. The brethren then met, under the direction of some scientific Mason, without any other authority than the approbation of some other Lodge, established in the same manner, in the same district. The Lodge of Antiquity in London, and the Ancient Kilgivingworth Lodge in Scotland, possess their authority from time immemorial without any warrant from a Grand Lodge; and the legality of their work has never been questioned. In the year 1779, when the Duke of Manchester was Grand Master, the Grand Lodge of England passed a resolution declaring, that every subordinate Lodge held their authority from the Grand Lodge. The Lodge of Antiquity resisted this violation of their ancient rights, and immediately separated from the Grand Lodge. But to show their attachment to Masonic order, they united themselves with the Grand Lodge of ALL England. In the year 1700, the Duke of Cumberland being Grand Master, the ancient rights of these Lodges were acknowledged, when the Lodge of Antiquity again united themselves with the Grand Lodge of England. This exchange of protection, would never have been permitted, by either of the Grand Lodges, had there been any essential difference in their principles or work. Nor would they have permitted these Lodges to violate their obligations, and resume them again at pleasure, as

convenience or interest might direct them. But, on this subject, we are not left to mere inference. In the year 1738, the Book of the Constitutions was republished by the learned and Rev. John Theophilus Desaguliers, LL. D., F. R. S. Deputy Grand Master. Speaking of the Provincial Grand Lodges, he says: "All these foreign Lodges are under the patronage of our Grand Master of England; but the old Lodge at York city, and the Lodges of Scotland, Ireland, France, and Italy, affecting independency, are under their own Grand Masters; though they have the same constitutions, charges, regulations, &c. for substance, with the brethren of England, and are equally zealous for the Augustan style, and the secrets of the ancient and honourable fraternity" (p. 195). These circumstances prove, incontrovertibly, the identity of principles professed by the Grand Lodges at York, and London, and other places named. The first Grand Lodge was located in York, for no other reason than because it was near Auldby, the residence of the first Grand Master; but London becoming the metropolis of the kingdom, the residence of the sovereign, and the centre of attraction to the nobility and gentry, it was necessary, as before stated, to have a co-ordinate Grand Lodge in that city.

In the year 1725, Lord Paisley being Grand Master of England, his Grand Lodge, without due consideration, granted a Warrant of Constitution to some Masons, who had seceded from the Grand Lodge at York, to hold a Lodge within the acknowledged jurisdiction of that body. This, being contrary to the constitutions and usages of the craft, was severely reprobated by the York Lodge, and, as might be expected, interrupted the harmony which had so long subsisted between them. Unhappily the spirit of innovation continued, and the established rules of the order were shamefully neglected. In 1738, when the Earl of Crawford was the Grand Master of England, the Grand Lodge in London, constituted other Lodges within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of All England, and granted three deputations, without their consent, for Durham, Lancashire, and Northumberland. This, it may be supposed, widened the breach between them, and gave the York Lodge reason to believe, that these encroachments were premeditated to the assumption of the Supreme Masonic Authority in England, by the Lodge at London. This encroachment upon the Masonic jurisdiction of an independent Grand Lodge, was contrary to every principle of genuine Freemasonry; the Constitution and usages of the Order, and as manifestly unjust, as it would be for the Governor and Judges of South-Carolina, to exercise any jurisdiction or authority, in North-Carolina, or Georgia. There is but little doubt, that this unmasonic conduct embarrassed and weakened the Lodge at York, till at length, the paramount masonic power was nearly, if not entirely transferred to the Lodge of England.

It was not long, however, before the Grand Lodge in London was visited with retributive justice, and felt the grievance arising from the existence of two ruling bodies in the same jurisdiction. The publications of the day state that "in 1738, some disagreeable alterations arose in the Society. A number of dissatisfied brethren separated themselves from the regular Lodges, and held meetings in different places for the purpose of initiating persons into Masonry, contrary to the laws of the Grand Lodge. These seceding brethren, taking advantage of the breach which had been made in the friendly intercourse between the Grand Lodges of London and York, on being censured for their conduct, immediately assumed, without authority, the character of 'York Masons;' an appellation never before known. The number of these brethren soon increased, and many of the nobility joining them, gave respectability to their measures, and strength to their institution. They formed a new Grand Lodge in London, under the name of the Grand Lodge of Ancient York Masons. In 1739, several severe resolutions were passed by the Lodge of England, and, subsequently, the Ancient York Lodges were declared illegal, and their members expelled from the 'household of faith.'" Notwithstanding these measures, the York Masons continued to increase, and they, in their turn, declared the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of England to be modern masons, and themselves to be working according to the old institutions. This was sufficient. Antiquity is dear to a Mason's heart, innovation is treason, and saps the venerable fabric of the Order. The York Masons were, therefore, encouraged, and soon after were recognized

by the fraternity in Scotland and Ireland, and acknowledged as a regular body.

It is recorded in the holy writings, the first great light of Masonry, that "there must be no schism in the body." I Cor. xii. 25. There is nothing that can justify a schism among the fraternity of our Order. The foundation stones of the Masonic Temple have engraven upon them, Religion and Morality—Virtue and Science—Union and Brotherly-Love—Charity and Benevolence—Obedience to Government—but schism defaces them all. Nor is there any thing that can warrant a separation from a lawfully constituted governing body, but where there is a manifest and determined dereliction of Masonic principles, the removal of the ancient landmarks, and a substitution of the objects of the institution, to other purposes than those which have been universally received and acknowledged. Union and harmony must be preserved at any sacrifice, short of principle. Brotherly-Love, and obedience to authority must subsist among the craft, or the institution can never answer the great and beneficent purposes for which it was established.

## HISTORY.

From the "Journal of a Tour round Hawaii, one of the largest of the Sandwich Islands."

### CRATER OF KIRAEUA.

Immediately before us yawned an immense gulph, in the form of a crescent, upwards of two miles in length, and about a mile across, and apparently eight hundred feet deep. The bottom was filled with lava, and the south west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of liquid fire, in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its "fiery surge," and flaming billows. Fifty-one craters, of varied form and size, rose, like so many conical islands, from the surface of the burning lake. Twenty-two constantly emitted columns of grey smoke, or pyramids of brilliant flame, and many of them, at the same time, vomited from their ignited mouths streams of fluid lava, which rolled in blazing torrents, down their black indented sides, into the boiling mass below.

The sides of the gulph before us were perpendicular, for about four hundred feet; when there was a wide horizontal ledge of solid black lava, of irregular breadth, but extending completely round. Beneath this black ledge, the sides sloped towards the centre, which was, as nearly as we could judge, three hundred or four hundred feet lower. It was evident, that the crater had been recently filled with liquid lava up to the black ledge, and had, by some subterranean canal, emptied itself into the sea, or inundated the low land on the shore. The grey, and in some places apparently calcined, sides of the great crater before us; the fissures which intersected the surface of the plain, on which we were standing; the long banks of sulphur on the opposite side; the numerous columns of vapour and smoke, that rise at the north and south end of the plain, together with the ridge of rocks by which it was surrounded, rising probably, in some places, four hundred feet in perpendicular height, presented an immense volcanic panorama, the effect of which was greatly augmented by the constant roaring of the vast furnaces below.

Between nine and ten, the dark clouds and heavy fog, that since the setting of the sun, had hung over the volcano, gradually cleared away, and the fires of Kiraeua, darting their fierce light athwart the midnight gloom, unfolded a sight terrible and sublime beyond all we had yet seen.

The agitated mass of liquid lava, like a flood of melted metal, raged with tumultuous whirl. The lively flame that danced over its undulating surface, tinged with sulphureous blue, or glowing with mineral red, cast a broad glare of dazzling light on the indented sides of the insulated craters, whose bellowing mouths, amidst rising flames and edying streams of fire, shot up, at frequent intervals, with loud detonations, spherical masses of fusing lava, or bright ignited stones.

The dark, bold outline of the perpendicular and jutting rocks around, formed a striking contrast with the luminous lake below, whose vivid rays, thrown on the rugged promontories, and reflected by the overhanging clouds, combined to complete the awful grandeur of the imposing scene.

It is a striking feature of this volcano, that it does not spring out of a mountain or hill, as is the case we believe in all other parts of the world, but is seated in a comparatively plain country, or rather at the base of the stupendous mountain Moupa Ron. It never overflows its margin, like other volcanoes, but the lava seeks a subterranean passage, bursting out occasionally at a distance from a crater, and finding its way to the lower country, and even to the sea. The dimensions of this enormous gulph have been more accurately ascertained by Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Chamberlain, who have made a recent visit to it. By actual measurement they found the upper edge of the crater to be seven and a half miles in circumference; and at the depth of five hundred feet, they satisfied themselves that its circumference was at least five and a half miles. They judged the depth to be one thousand feet.

Quintyn Mantys, the celebrated Flemish painter, was bred a blacksmith. The occasion of his changing his profession was as follows: While pursuing his calling as a blacksmith he fell in love with a daughter of a painter, and on applying to the father for leave to marry her, he received the repulsive answer, that none but an artist should ever receive her at his hands. Piqued at this reply, he laid aside his hammer, and took up the pencil, studied diligently, travelled into Italy, and in a short time returned to Antwerp, and entering the Cathedral privately, he painted upon a picture of the Fallen Angels by Frans Flore, a large fly, as in the act of setting on the thigh of one of the angels. The father of the young lady with whom he was enamoured had the charge of the pictures of the church, and on going in some time after, saw the intrusive insect, took out his handkerchief, and attempted to brush it off. Astonished at the deception, he inquired for the author, and hearing that it was Mantys, he sent for him, and freely gave his consent to the desired union with his daughter. The picture, with the painted fly, is still to be seen in the Museum at Antwerp.

King John VI. of Portugal, who died on the 9th of March, was in the 59th year of his age, and had nearly completed the tenth of his reign. He was virtually sovereign, under the title of regent, for nearly sixteen years, in the life-time of his mother, the nominal Queen. He has left six children, two of whom are sons. The eldest son, the emperor Pedro I. of Brazil, has renounced his right to the succession of the crown of Portugal. The other son, Michael, who is reputed to be a weak, and badly educated Prince has been for the last two or three years on his travels in Europe, and was lately at Vienna. He was born Oct. 26, 1802, and is unmarried. Of the daughters, the eldest married the Infant Peter, cousin of the present King of Spain, and is a widow; the second is the wife of the Infant Charles, brother of King of Spain; and the two youngest are unmarried. One of the daughters, married the King of Spain, and soon after died. The Queen of Portugal is sister of the King of Spain. Two of her daughters married her brothers.

*Affected Honesty*.—Look out of your door—take notice of that man—see what disquietude, intriguing and shifting he is content to go through with, merely to be thought a man of plain dealing. Three grains of honesty would have saved him all this trouble.—*Sterne*.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Spanish Generosity and Moorish Honour*—At the time when Antequera, which had fallen into the power of the Christians, was the limit of their possessions on the side of the kingdom of Granada, there lived in that city a knight, whose name was Narvaez, and who was also governor of the place. This knight, in conformity to custom, frequently made incursions into the territory of Granada; sometimes in person, sometimes by detachments of his people. It happened one time, that Narvaez sent on an expedition of this nature a party of cavaliers, who having set off at a well chosen hour, penetrated a considerable way into Granada. They made no other capture, however, but that of a good-looking young man, who, meeting them suddenly in the dark, and running with his horse against theirs, was unable to extricate himself. Finding that there was no hope of any further prize, and understanding from their prisoner that the country was clear, they returned the next morning to Antequera, and presented their captive to Narvaez. He was about two or three-and-twenty years of age; a knight, wearing a riding-cloak of violet silk, richly ornamented according to the fashion of his country, and a small finely-woven hat over a crimson cap; and he had, moreover, an excellent horse, a lance, and a round shield, richly chased, such as were usually borne by Moors of distinction. On being asked by Narvaez who he was, he answered, he was the son of the governor of Ronda, who was well known to the Christians as a gallant warrior. When Narvaez inquired whither he was going, his tears prevented him from uttering a word in reply. "It astonishes me," observed Narvaez, "that being a knight, and the son of a governor so valiant as thy father, and knowing, besides, the chances of war, thou art so cast down, and weepst like a woman!—thou who hast the appearance of being a valiant, and a brave one!"—"I weep not," answered the Moor, "to see myself a prisoner, nor that I am your captive. These tears are produced, not by the loss of liberty, but by another and a much greater misfortune." Narvaez with much interest required an explanation of these mysterious words. "Know, then," said the youth, "that for some time I have been the lover of the daughter of a governor of one of our castles. I adore her; I have served her faithfully; and in her name have frequently fought against you Christians. Finally, she consented to marry me, and sent me word that I might come and carry her off from her father's house to my own. I was on my route, full of joy and hope, when my evil destiny threw me in the way of your cavaliers, and I lost at once my liberty and all the happiness which I was anticipating." The compassion which Narvaez felt at this recital was so great, that he told the unhappy Moor, that if he would promise, on the faith of a knight, to return and place himself again in his power, he would permit him to pursue his journey. The youth consented, and having pledged his honour, set off, and reached that evening the castle where his fair one lived. He soon found means to communicate to her his arrival; and she, on her part, so well seconded his views, that she immediately apprised him of the time and place where he might see her alone. When they met, the Moor was bathed in tears. "What is all this!" exclaimed the astonished beauty; "now thou art in possession of the object of thy desires; now thou hast me in thy power, and mayest lead me whither thou wilt, thou behavest signs of the greatest sorrow!" "Alas!" replied the Moor, "learn that in travelling hither yesterday to thee, I was taken by some cavaliers of Antequera, and carried to Narvaez, who, having heard my misfortune, like a true knight, had pity upon me, and permitted me, on my parole to return, to come and see thee. Here I am, therefore no longer a free man but a slave; and God forbid that, although I have lost my own liberty, loving thee as I do, I should carry thee to a place where thou wouldst lose thine! I will return, for I have given my word to do so; and, if I can ransom myself, I will again hasten to thee." "No!" rejoined the beloved, "before to-day thou hast proved that thou lovest me, and to-day thou provest it more than ever; but, since thou art so observant of what thou owest to me, God forbid that I should forget what I owe to thee. Say what thou wilt, I will go with thee. If thou art a slave, I will be a slave. If God restore thee to liberty, he will restore me also. This box contains precious jewels; make room for me on thy crupper.

We will set off instantly; for I am resolved to share thy fortunes." Away they went; and the next morning arrived at Antequera, and surrendered themselves to Narvaez. He received them with great kindness, gave a grand entertainment in their honour, bestowed the highest praises on their constancy and love, and finally, having presented them with some valuable gifts allowed them to return in freedom to their friends.—*Lit. Gazette.*

## A SEA BULL.

An Irishman, who served on board a man-of-war in the capacity of a waiter, was selected by one of the officers to haul in a towline, of considerable length, that was flowing over the taffrail. After rowing in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, "By my soul, it's as long as to day and to-morrow! It's a good week's work for any five in the ship! Bad luck to the arm or leg, it'll lave me at last! What! more of it yet? Och, murder; the sea's mighty deep, to be sure!" When, after continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labor, he stopped suddenly short, and addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed, "Bad manners to me, Sir, if I don't think somebody's cut off the other end of it!"—*Naval Sketch Book.*

*A Peep at the Spirits of the last Age.*—Dr. Percy very kindly introduced me to dine at the Literary Club, at the bottom of St. James's street, where we met Dr. Goldsmith. The table that day was crowded, and I sat next Mr. Burke; but as Mr. Richard Burke talked much, and the great orator said very little, I was not aware at first who was my neighbour. One of the party near us remarked, that there was an offensive smell in the room, and thought it must proceed from some dogs that were under the table; but Mr. Burke, with a smile turned to me, and said, "I rather fear it is from the beefsteak pie, that is opposite to us, the crust of which is made with some very bad butter, that comes from my country." Just at that moment Dr. Johnson sent his plate for some of it, and Burke helped him to a very little, which he soon dispatched, and returned his plate for more; Burke without thought, exclaimed, "I am glad that you are so well able to relish this beefsteak pie." Johnson, not at all pleased, that what he eat should ever be noticed, immediately retorted, "There is a time of life, Sir, when a man requires the repairs of a table." Before dinner was finished, Mr. Garrick came in full dressed, made many apologies for being so much later than he intended, but he had been unexpectedly detained at the House of Lords; and Lord Camden had absolutely insisted upon setting him down at the door of the hotel in his own carriage. Johnson said nothing, but looked a volume. During the afternoon some literary dispute arose; but Johnson sat silent, till the Dean of Derry, very respectfully said, "We all wish Sir, for your opinion on the subject." Johnson inclined his head, and never shone more in his life, than at that period; he replied, without any pomp; he was perfectly clear and explicit; full of the subject, and left nothing undetermined. There was a pause; and he was hailed with astonishment by all the company. The evening in general passed off very pleasantly. Some talked perhaps for amusement, and others for victory. We sat late; and the conversation that at last ensued was the direct cause of my friend Goldsmith's poem, called "Retaliation."—*Cradock's Memoirs.*

## SCIENTIFIC.

*Improved mode of making Twisted Gun-barrels*—Instead of using horse-nail-stub iron alone, as in the last article, the gun-barrel makers now weld together bars of steely iron; such as the old sable Russian iron, and soft stub-iron, laid alternately upon each other in regular order: thus forming striped ribbands for the twisted barrels.

Where they wish however, to produce curls, they first twist compound bars, draw them into small square rods, and weld them, with the twists disposed in contrary directions, upon plates of plain iron, which forms

the inside of the barrels; when the whole is drawn into ribbands, and used as before described.

Another beautiful variety is also produced by welding small square rods of striped iron, and others of twisted iron, upon plates of plain iron; thus producing a regular succession of striped and curled twists in the gun-barrels made thereof.

*Preparing Quills.*—M. Scholz, of Vienna, has discovered a new process for rendering quills more firm and durable than those of Hamburg. The following are the means employed:—He suspends, in a copper, a certain number of quills, and fills it with water, so as just to touch their nibs. He then closes the copper, so as to render it steam tight; here the quills experience considerable heat and moisture from the steam, by which the fat they contain is melted out. After about four hours treatment in this manner, they attain the proper degree of softness and transparency. The next day cut the nibs, and draw out the pith, then rub them with a piece of cloth, and also expose them to a moderate heat. The following day they will have acquired the hardness of bone without being brittle, and will be as transparent as glass.

*A Process to render Cloth, and Silk, water-proof.* By M. COLLET.—The cloth, or silk, must be spread upon a wooden frame, and immersed, or soaked, with the following mixture: linseed oil, one pound; white lead, one ounce and a half; amber, one ounce, and a clove of garlic. The whole of these ingredients must boil for twelve hours on a small fire; and when the composition is perfectly fit for use, the surface will put on the appearance of skin.

The cloth, after having been immersed in, or washed with this composition, is to be hung up to dry, and when that is effected, to be rubbed with pumice stone, to render it smooth. It is then to be coated with another thick fluid, composed of linseed oil, one pound; various oxide of lead, one ounce; sulphate of zinc, four drachms; and white lead calcined till it has changed yellow, four ounces. These must be previously boiled in an iron pot, until the material have the consistence of paste; the composition is then to be spread equally over the right side of the cloth; the material is then dried upon the fabric in a chamber, heated to forty or fifty degrees; it is necessary to repeat the operation twice for silk, and the result will be the production of an oil skin cloth, which will be water-proof, and not rub or wash off.

*New mode of preparing Paper for the use of Draughtsmen, &c.*—Reduce to a powder, and dissolve quickly in a glazed earthen vessel, containing cold water, some gum adragant, having been well worked with a wooden spatula, to free it from lumps. There must be a sufficient quantity of water, to give to this diluted gum, the consistence of a jelly. Paper, and some sorts of stuffs, upon which, if this composition be smoothly applied, with a pencil, or a brush, and dried before a gentle fire, will receive either water or oil colours; in using water colours, they must be mixed with a solution of the above gum. This cloth or paper, so prepared, will take any colour except ink. When it is intended to retouch any particular part of the drawing, it should be washed with a sponge, or clean linen, or a pencil, (containing some of the above-mentioned liquid;) if the part is only small, it will then rise quickly, and appear as if re-painted.

## THE REPOSITORY.

From the New York Mirror.

## THE MISANTHROPE.

[Concluded.]

It would be tedious to detail the circumstances which followed our recognition. He took me to his lodgings and promised me his history, which I send you. He told me that he knew he was in a rapid state of consumption, and that he never expected to see dear spring again. I tried to encourage him but he would not be consoled. I reverted to the scenes of our boyhood—his eyes filled with tears—he grasped my hand and exclaimed, "It was a beautiful dream, but it is gone forever!" He was completely soured by his misfortunes, and I mourned over him as the ruins of a noble mind. He inveighed against the treachery of the world; bitterly cursed all woman-kind, and said he longed to be locked in the cold, still slumber of the grave.

Poor, dear Charley. He quietly breathed his last in my arms—persevering to the end in his obstinate hatred of woman.

You must not understand that his story expresses any of my sentiments—Far, very far, be it from me to abuse the fair sex.—God bless them!

"I am a misanthrope. I hate the world. A thousand times in the course of my wretched existence, I have envied the serpent that crawls away from the gaze of men, to coil himself up in unbroken repose; or wished to be the owl, to shun the hated light and hoot alone in the midnight gloom. Once I was happy, but it was only when I was deceived.—When luxuries pampered my taste, and flatteries dazzled my understanding. I was wont to believe the suggestions of hope were true, as they were delightful. Inexperienced as I was, I willingly believed every thing that was told me, because I heard only from every mouth that I was good and great, and must be happy. You remember, that at school, my days were one continued scene of triumph and pleasure. I was spoiled by flattery and I had been unnerved by the soft adulation of my friends, and reposed in luxurious indolence, fatal to virtue. Every object around seemed to woo me to pleasure, but most of all, I sought it in the company of women. I saw they were beautiful—I felt they must be sincere.—To a soul like mine, unaccustomed to limit its enjoyments, and which followed fully the impulse of every wish, love was more than it is to other men. I saw those who loved periodically, and made their passion serve their common interests: Others, whose affection was deep in proportion as the mistress' house was high, and who measured the extent of their admiration by her purse. To me love was an absorbing and overwhelming principle, which agitated my whole system. It was too strong and intense to be happy. Alike in success or failure, it preyed upon my heart. It was either a heat that consumed, or a tempest that destroyed. I was careless too, and improvident of my affection. I did not measure it out, with avaricious hand, but I lavished it, and was ruined. I was too wayward to dally with the stream—to play with sparkling rivolets, and pluck the flowers which grew on their banks; but I plunged into the deep, rapid, and resistless current that whirled me to destruction. I was cautioned. They preached morality to me, and beset me with wise laws and petty pieces of wisdom. They might as well have attempted to reason down the thundering tempest, or philosophise the cataract of Niagara, into the placid little silver lake that used to look so sweet as it slept among the mountains. It was not for me to imagine that cheeks so fair could feign the tender blush, or that lips of such surpassing beauty could coin the deceitful lie. Pleased with the new spring—inhaling odorous breezes, and treading over rosy meads, what traveller, so young, so passionate, so romantic, as I was, would shun the gale for fear of disease, or watch for the glistering snake among the innocent flowers?"

"I was about eighteen, when for the first time, I fell passionately in love. Fearless of disappointment in that which had now become the grand object of life, I put no restraint on the wing of hope.—The being whom I had chosen possessed every beauty of person which could ensnare my soul, and I was then too heedless to inquire as to her mind. I saw she was well educated, witty, cheerful, and beautiful as day.—what more could I desire? Yielding to my passions, they ruled with all their tyranny. I worshipped her madly. I

could not conceal the emotion which she had inspired, and as I was rich, my adulations, fearless of rebuke, were openly tendered to her, and I knew that my devotion was a by-word among my acquaintance. But what cared I for that, so long as I knew my hopes were based on truth. So far from rejecting my proffered homage, she received it with smiles and glances, and blushing downcast looks, which fired my imaginations and fanned my passion into a blaze.

"She was tall and slender. Her face full of tenderness; and sometimes when her large black eyes met mine, lingered a moment in the heaven of an uninterrupted gaze, and then sunk on the ground, I felt that I was the happiest of human beings.

"Oh, the days of first love! When hope is bright and fancy untrammelled; when the body is full of health, and the soul etherealised in the influence of a thousand gay and romantic emotions; when the brain is clear from the perplexities of business, and the heart pure, free, unscathed, and bounding in its original lightness, overflows with the tenderest affections as natural springs gush from luxuriant soil; then the dream of woman is sweet indeed.

"At this time, my father, by endorsing largely for a treacherous friend, lost the greater part of his fortune. I flew to Mary to inform her of the fact. By heavens, she had heard it before, and she insulted me! Would you believe it, my friend? I found, by a stifled laugh, and other symptoms not to be mistaken, that while I had given way to my feeling, under the idea that we were alone, she had concealed a favored rival, who enjoyed my discomfiture and exaggerated my conduct. In a little time she was married, and I was pointed out as the poor man whom she had deceived. There was something in this which my nature could not brook; and to drown reflection I rushed into the wildest scenes of mirth. I had lost my mother soon after I left H—— school, and my father now was the object of my warmest esteem and love. As I hurried into great excesses, he rebuked me one day with a sternness which he had never assumed towards me before. As I bore for him an affection mingled with almost sacred veneration, his frown startled me, and his angry words sank deep, ranking, into my heart, only giving a stronger impulse to my desperation. I had, of course intervals of reflection. During these, my agony was unutterable. I knew I was excruciating my father's feeling, but I was already disgraced in his eyes. Through all my disquisitions, however, I preserved a mind above meanness. I disdained a base or cruel action, and often lavished my all to soothe the sorrows of age, or supply defenceless beauty with a shelter from the wolfish world.

"These acts of generosity often reached my father's ears, and he conceived hopes of my redemption. It seemed like the rainbow shining through the storm; and in his journals, which I have since perused, I trace the hopes and fears which by turns agitated his affectionate breast for me, his wretched son.

"With this idea he came to spend a year with a distant relation. One afternoon he called me into his study and informed me of his intention.

"My son," said he, and as I looked into his venerable face, I could mark the light of affection stealing through the shade of sorrow, "my son, I am going to send you away. I need not dwell upon a subject which we both too well understand—but you must not remain longer in this city."

"I suppose, sir," said I, assuming a firmness I was far from possessing, "I am to be sent to sea."

"No, my dear boy," replied he, "you are mistaken; I did not wish to deny you all the rational pleasures which life affords. I have made arrangements with Mr. Medley, and you are to remain at his house a year, in the uninterrupted pursuit of your studies. I owe Mr. Medley the deepest obligations. He has been a faithful friend to me, in times of my distress, and I beg you always to remember, that any disrespect offered to him, will be the same as if directed against me. He has once saved me from ruin. I wish Charles, he may do as much for you. There, in the stillness of the country, and away from the city life, I hope to find an improvement which will make you worthy the strong affection I bear you."

"A few days after, I set off for the dwelling of my relation, with mingled emotions of anger, repentance, anxiety and regret.

"Mr. Medley was noted as a strict disciplinarian. His family affairs went on like clock-work. The most

perfect regularity and order pervaded every branch, and they accomplished their tasks with ease, cheerfulness and despatch. The gentleman to whose care my father had committed me, was about forty. He was tall, well proportioned, muscular man, who might be called handsome. His face, though it seldom relaxed into a smile, was by no means morose, and when pleased, beamed with spirit, chastened by frequent contemplation.

"Mrs. Medley, on the contrary, was extremely young. The twenty happy years which she enjoyed on earth, had only given a brighter magic to her eye, and a more graceful and bewitching beauty to her form. She had attracted the attention of Mr. Medley, by the winning loveliness of her person, and as the shining qualities of her mind frequently assumed the various shapes of wit, penetration, generosity and virtue, he ran into the trap, like a hungry mouse, and the Gordian knot was tied. Indeed such were her charms, that even after he had fathomed the depth of her mind, and found it shallow as the brook, whose sparkling proceeds from the mock diamond sands at the bottom, he still clung to her, and was contented with his prize. As I very frequently the case, they lived together in more tranquility, varying their time with but few symptoms of affection, which, on the lady's part, were much of tender, acted than left. I was not long in discovering that she had awakened to other meditations than such as had been at first inspired by the manly grace of her husband; and I was convinced that she loved him merely because it was her duty. Though by mechanical attention to his wishes, and obedience to his commands, she kept alive his lingering love; yet, when off her guard, her eye was cold when it fell on him, and she treated him only with uninspired glances and soulless smiles. The rest of the family consisted of a lovely girl of eighteen, whom Mr. Medley had adopted from charitable motives, and two young gentlemen, who were his sons by a former wife.

"On entering this scene, I found myself in a very different situation from any to which I had been accustomed.—Transplanted suddenly, from the exciting warmth of the city air, to the cold moral atmosphere of my kind friend, I felt an increased moroseness of disposition. The two youths, who were to be my future companions, divested at once of the vices and virtues which animated me, soon disgusted me with wretched specimens of grovelling meanness.—From my contemptuous refusal to join them in some of their detestable adventures, originated an enmity which though feeble at first, terminated in very disagreeable consequences. My greatest pleasure was experienced in the company of the pretty Ellen; but here again fate interposed. I have thought that I never enjoy a burst of pleasure, but that I am sure to pay for it afterwards with tenfold pain; that I never am happy with the delight of the present, and the hopes of the future, but I am afterwards drenched with wretchedness, and involved in darkness, and death and desolation.—It seems that no gleam of sunshine can stream across my path, but that it is the harbinger of a fatal storm.

"I should have been in some degree happy in the friendship of Ellen, had not Mrs. Medley, for reasons of her own, made it a point to interrupt and frequently to separate us. I was not far enough advanced in life to be fully aware of the fascinations of beauty; and you may imagine how I felt when I could no longer doubt that the cause of this conduct was one of all others, the most flattering to my vanity.

"Oh, woman! woman! With all the splendour of your beauty—with all the purity of your minds—with all the tenderness of your hearts, what are you?—What is the ambition of your lives but to see who can win the most admirers, and break the most hearts? Why floats the downy feather in the breeze?—Why sparkles the gaudy diamond light? Why rolls on the snowy neck, the glossy ringlet, with art and diligence wrought to beauty? Why shines the ornament through the mist-like gaze? and why pouts the red lip with double sweetness, and flashes the eye with higher meaning, when the gazer is man? Oh! that in letters of everlasting fire I could grace the true guilt of the sex who hunt, with ceaseless ingenuity through earth, ocean, and air, for means to raise hopes so wantonly to be blasted.

"Spoiled in the school of early censure, their heart is a history of hopes to entrap, and schemes to betray. They practice a thousand cruelties to gratify their apparent influence, and their inordinate and capricious



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ambition; and, when I now look at woman whom I was once accustomed to regard as the very angel of light, and truth, and loveliness, I behold the dangerous and deceitful siren, who enchants only to destroy.

"Such was the warmth only of my feelings, that I should have fallen in love with the beautiful Mrs. Medley, had not her situation been a sacred security against even a look. She however, did not long confine herself to dubious signs. When we were alone, her gaze was ardent and her words full of the rich spirit of tenderness. Trembling sweet was the well remembered pressure of her white hand; and she so managed to occupy my mind, that she was the constant subject of my thoughts. 'I could have loved her,' said I to myself, but treachery to the benefactor of my father was beneath my nature; and calling to my aid every precept of honour, I determined to shun her society; and when necessarily in her company, to demean myself only with the most distant civility.

"However careful I was in concealing my emotions, they were not long a secret from my very attentive young friends; who, by making me the object of a familiar railery, caused, on my part a hatred which was fully returned. No opportunity was lost by them to torture me, and I was, by turns, the object of dislike, ridicule, and execration. Nothing was too broad an insult for their use—and once, through their influence, I was charged with theft. Saints of Heaven! Had my glance been lightning, that hour would have been an hour of desolation. The big tears gushed from my eyes, but I was too proud to explain, and 'sneaky-eyed suspicion' followed me wherever I went. The coldness with which I was received by all the family but Mrs. Medley, banished me from the company of every one but her, and I was tenderly grateful towards her who knew me well enough to judge the truth. I was very unhappy; and a journey which Mr. Medley soon after made to New York, harassed me dreadfully with the reflection that my beloved father might be induced to credit the slanders which were in circulation. I soon, however, dismissed this idea as improbable, nay, impossible. 'However,' thought I, the world may turn against me, and hunt me down like a savage wild beast still he knows me, and will be faithful.'

Towards Mrs. Medley I preserved my distance of manner, which I convinced myself would please her most, as I had the highest idea of her virtue. But many an innocent face covers a heart wily as a fox and cruel as a hyena.—Heaven save the poor wretch who puts himself in woman's power, and chances to arouse the bad qualities which sleep, like snakes, in the flowery garden of their minds, and which I have known them to conceal under lips pouting at a look, and cheeks blushing as a rose.

"It was in the glowing mellow light of a summer afternoon, that this most bewitching creature and myself sat alone in the parlour. The damask curtain which hung in folds around the windows, imparted a crimson hue to every object. A breeze, softly loaded with the mingled perfumes of the garden, gently agitated the air, and fanned the glossy brown ringlet from her neck of snow—and her cheek wore a tinge of the fairest red which seemed to grow more beautiful the longer I gazed. I should not have remained within the magic circle of her charms, but the enchantress had bound me in her fairy spell, and I could no more have torn myself away, than the marble statue could step from its pedestal and speak with the human voice. Conscious of my error, still I persevered and drank in madly, rich but fatal draughts of love, which I knew were rank poison, to kill my soul.

"The conversation at first turned on Mr. Medley, who had now been some time absent, but whose return was expected in a few days. I cannot venture to describe the gradual increase of my feelings, or trace the progress of placid esteem swelling into the resistless tide of love; but let it be confessed; that as I sat beside her I forgot the wide world with all its pains and pleasures. She acknowledged to me that she had been unhappy. 'The marriage life,' she said, 'was not as it might have been. She was scarcely twenty, and her husband was fifty. To be sure, Mr. Medley was a good man, but then—' she blushed, and her languishing eyes met mine with an expression which caused me to take her hand. I received it with a pressure which was fully returned. Our cheeks almost touched—I felt her heart, fragrant as flowers; and forgetting every method to check the wandering of fancy, and moderate the power of passion, I threw my arms around her neck

and inprinted a kiss upon her lips. I scarcely felt the tap which some one had given me on my shoulder. I turned, however, and beheld the bitter, severe, yet composed countenance of Mr. Medley, gazing down upon me! In an instant I felt my rashness—perhaps exaggerated it. Passion resigned her warm and delusive reign over my mind to chilling reason and freezing remorse. The intruder's power over me resembled that of the magician, in the Arabian story, who metamorphosed a forest of fire into a grove of ice. I could not bear his steadfast cutting glance, and his prolonged silence was more torturing than thunders which shake the earth. Oppressed with shame, I bent down upon my knee, and almost reclined, grovelling at his feet, when the voice of the lady recalled me to myself. I had often read of woman's wit and was striving to imagine by what scheme she was about to extricate us from our unpleasant situation. Wit and scheme she tried, indeed but not for me. Like the fox with the goat in the well, she got out herself; contented that one of the two should be saved, and quite willing that she should be the one. With the bitterness of fierce revenge, she attacked me for having, by my rudeness, dared to place her in her dear husband's displeasure. She entreated him to turn me from the house, which I had disgraced with my thefts and insolence; and after having invented a story of lies, such as I had been taught to believe would have choked a devil, she concluded her affectionate appeal by falling on her husband's neck, in an agony of tears, at the idea that even with a look he could doubt her purity of mind. The deluded husband soothed her grief and answered her caresses, and I received commands to be gone, as unworthy to inhabit so immaculate a dwelling. I said nothing—being too proud to retaliate, and too much stung even to exculpate myself by relating the truth. The next morning I departed as I had arrived, disgusted with the baseness of man—the treachery of woman, and the folly and wickedness of the world at large.

"My journey home was accidentally delayed; and when I arrived, the story of my disgrace was there before me. My father, too, was dangerously sick. An account of me on the testimony of the two young gentlemen and the wife, with all the enormous exaggerations which malice could invent, it was said had increased his sickness to an alarming degree; and when I reached the house, they told me he was delirious and threatened with instant dissolution. I loved my only parent sincerely—deeply with all my heart and soul—I would have died for him a thousand deaths. For his affection I would have endured all the horrors of flood and fire, and my pen shrinks from the description of my feelings when I found he was endangered. I never had thought of his death. That terrific and appalling idea put hope to flight, and startled me from all my dreams.—With a beating heart and trembling knees I hastened to his bed chamber. He was sitting up in his bed when I entered; but oh! how altered! Through all the wilderness of his delirium he recognised me. The instant I saw him I knew his moments were numbered. Death had even then commenced his ravages in his face, and already he appeared spectral in the shadow of the grave. In the restlessness of madness he was flinging his hands about him, and he spoke incoherently, broken sentences upon different subjects; but the gleams of reason sometimes struggled through the darkness of his wandering imagination, and flashed remembrances of his former mind. It cut me to the soul to remark that at such times I was the object of his anger—and that although as his senses wandered he uttered the impulses of his natural affection, yet they were mingled with regrets and bitter reproaches. As he grew weaker, the intervals of his reason were more frequent and prolonged, and his words sunk deep into my writhing soul, like burning fire.

"Oh! my son," said he, turning his large glassy eye upon me, 'you have disgraced my name. I am going from you for ever. I do not fear death. I should like to see my family about me.—Oh heaven! how dreadful that now—my dearest boy do not weep. I am well and happy—that now—when I bless all—all—as I am departing—his vices make me curse my son.'

"As he spoke these words, I struggled for speech, but in vain. I would have given worlds to have but said 'I am innocent,' but an agony unutterable swelled my heart into my throat and choked my utterance. In the extremity of torture I grasped for breath. Big drops of sweat burst out on my forehead and rolled down my cheeks. As the only sign of love, or inno-

cence, or affection, which I was capable of expressing, I seized his hand—but with all his remaining strength he flung it from him, and sunk back exhausted, on his pillow. I covered my face—and when I touched him again, he was motionless, and as cold as ice.

"I spoke not a word—I heaved not a sigh. I wept not a single tear; but pale and cold as the being beside me, I knelt down before heaven and prayed that the curse might fall! And—it has fallen!" W. C.

From the London Literary Gazette.

GERTRUDE DE WART, OR FIDELITY UNTIL DEATH.

Translated from the German of Apenzeller. 8vo. pp. 106. London 1826.

Founded on the most exact historic truth, with all the fearful and intense interest of the most appalling romance, Gertrude de Wart is a striking instance, amid the many, of that devotedness in affection, which will support a woman through scenes of which, in hours of ease and happiness, the very thought has been too much to bear. Gertrude had been for many years the beloved (and does not that imply the happy!) wife of Rodolph de Wart: in an unfortunate hour his attachment to his master, the Duke of Swabia, whose lands were unjustly retained by the avacious Albert, plunged him into misery. Though not one of the assassins himself, yet being present at the murder of the emperor, he is involved in all their guilt, and in all their dangers; and after temporary concealment, he is betrayed by a relation to the hands of the Queen of Hungary and the Archduke Leopold, who had pursued the murderers of their father with the most unrelenting vengeance. His wife, who had borne with the most unshrinking fortitude all the misery of poverty to which she had been reduced by the burning of their castle and the confiscation of their estates, joins her husband, shares his prison, supports him at his trial; and at last, when despite of her entreaties for mercy, he is condemned to the dreadful death of breaking on the wheel, she is still his stay and succour; but here we will give place to her own words: she has escaped from her friends to seek the place of Rodolph's suffering.

"The rising moon began to tip with silver the dark pines and the turret of the castle of Kybourg. I discovered the path I was in search of, and skirting the great forest which is near Wintenthur, I heard more and more distinctly the noise of a mill. This should be the meadow where I was to look for my husband. The mill and a rivulet only separated me from him. I passed the water, and, going round the mill, I perceived the wheel, and the unhappy victim laid on it. The guard was frightened at my appearance, and ran off, with every mark of terror, I heard the breathing of Rodolph, deep, and, at intervals, resembling sighs; I saw his broken members, agitated by convulsive movements, like those of a lamb, palpitating under the knife of the butcher; yes, Margaretta, all this I was doomed to hear and see.

"It is me," said I softly: he immediately knew my voice. 'Is it thee, Gertrude? Jesu Maria! this is all that was wanting!'

"I came near to the post on which the wheel was suspended. I saw there some pieces of wood. I took one of them, which I placed close to the wheel. I got upon it, and I was enabled to seize, and cover with kisses, one of his hands, which hung down, moistened with cold sweat.

"Spare me! spare me!" said he, with a tremulous voice: 'thy presence adds to my sufferings. I call for death, and thou art come to retard it. Gertrude! Gertrude! where do you come from? what will you have? My limbs are broken; my joints are dislocated; my heart only still beats.—Go from me—let me die—this is too much!'

"I saw him pale and motionless, entangled in the spokes of the wheel. The shivering of a fever pervaded his members—his groans mingled with the murmuring of the rivulet and the clapping of the mill. I fell on my knees, and prayed under the wheel, and exhorted my unhappy husband to resignation. At last, joining together some pieces of wood, I made a sort of scaffolding, by which means I could raise myself up to him, and, leaning over him, free his face from the hairs which the wind blew over it. 'I

entreat thee! O, I entreat thee!" repeated he, "to begone and leave me. If they should find you here when the day break, you know not what may happen. Why will you aggravate my misery? You cannot tell what additional sufferings you may bring upon me."

"I will die with thee," said I to him, "and it is for this purpose that I am come! No power shall force me from thee." I threw myself on him with extended arms, and I begged of God both his death and my own. The day appeared—I saw human figures moving at a distance. I was obliged to descend, and take away the pieces of wood which had enabled me to get up the wheel. The guard which had led at the sight of me again made his appearance. No doubt this man had mentioned at Winterthur what he had seen; for as soon as it was day, there was a great mob of men, women and children, coming from all quarters. I recognized the gaoler whom Landenberg had persuaded the evening before to let me free. He did not appear surprised at seeing me with my husband; he approached me, shaking his head, and said, "It was not for this purpose, madam, that the Landenbergs took you, yesterday, out of prison." The people drawing nearer and nearer, I saw several women of my acquaintance, and, among the rest, the wife of the president of the court of justice at Winterthur. I called to her, and entreated her to intercede with her husband, that he would order the executioner to abridge the sufferings of Rodolph.

"He dares not do it," said Wart, groaning. "When the queen has spoken, the president of justice must be silent; and if it had not been for that, I may say that I had some right to expect this good office from him. Some persons brought me refreshments, of which I could take nothing; but I was refreshed, if I may so say, by the compassion which was visibly impressed in their countenances, and by the tears which were shed by them."

"When the fog of the morning was dispersed, the crowd increased. I saw there the Bailiff Steiner, of Pfungen, with his two sons; our tenant at Dattikon, and some women from Neftenbach: they all made the sign of the cross, and appeared as if they were praying for us."

The executioner then came, followed by the Confessor Lamprecht. The former seemed to be the least cruel of the two; he said, sighing, "May God have mercy on the poor young lord, and receive his soul up to paradise!" The confessor again urged him to avow his guilt; but Wart, making a great effort, repeated before all the people the same words which he had already said to the queen and the court of justice. The priest was silent. All at once I heard voices crying out, "Place! Place!" Men armed with halberds made way through the crowd; helmets, surmounted with plumes glittered near the mill. Some were seen prancing horses and their riders, with shining armour, and their vizors down.

"The executioner dropt down on his knee—the confessor laid his hand on his breast—the horsemen halted. The women lifted up the children in their arms, that they might have a better view. Guards armed with lances, obliged the people to form a circle."

"A knight of a high stature, raising himself upon his horse, said to the executioner, in a sneering tone of voice, 'Where are the ravens, that they have not yet torn his eyes out? It was the Archduke Leopold.'

"My blood stopt in my veins when I heard one of the horsemen, who was near him say, 'Let him scratch himself as long as the itching continues, but drive off these people. All this weeping and lamentation make me mad. There must be no pity here; and who is this woman who causes all this crying? Let them take her away.'

"I knew the voice of the queen; it was Agnes disguised as a knight. 'It is the wife of Wart,' said a third voice. 'Yesterday evening, during the execution, we took her with us to Kybourg; but she ran away from us, and we thought that despair had instigated her to throw herself into the ditch of the castle. God, what a woman! what conjugal fidelity! Leave her alone—it is impossible to force her away.' I here recognized the good young Landenberg. I could have thrown myself at his feet. Agnes made a sign to one of her querries to take me up, and remove me from the wheel. As he approached me, I passed my two

arms round the post, and implored the *coup de grace* both for Wart and myself. Two men attempted to carry me away by force. I cried to God, and he heard me."

"Landenburg, though a faithful subject of the house of Austria, had courage again to speak for me. 'Let her alone,' said he; 'the sun never shone upon constancy equal to hers: the angels themselves may rejoice in heaven at seeing it.' Then they left me quiet. The horsemen took their departure. One of them said something to the executioner, which I did not understand."

"The confessor who had rigidly performed his duty, and had punctually executed the orders of the queen, now gave way to the sentiments of humanity. I saw the tears running from his eyes. 'I can hold it no longer, noble lady,' said he; 'you have conquered me; even if the world should forget your name, it will shine at least, among those of the holy martyrs. Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' What have I done to deserve that these magnificent words should be applied to me? He gave me his hand, and went away."

"The people gradually dispersed; the executioner and the guard, who was stationed at the entrance of the meadow remained alone. The sun was set—there was every appearance of a dead calm; but soon a storm of wind arose, which seemed to stifle my prayers."

"One of the guards brought me a large cloak, to protect me against the inclemency of the weather, with which I covered the mutilated and frozen limbs of my husband. His lips were dry and contracted; I brought him water in my shoe. Dear Margaretta, when I reflect on these most horrible moments, I am at a loss to comprehend how I could have strength to support myself for more than forty hours without any nourishment."

"No doubt the saints and holy angels invisible supported me, while I lay and prayed under the wheel on which the beloved of my heart was suffering the agonies of death."

"During all this time I may truly say that my soul was with God. Every sigh, every groan of Rodolph pierced my heart; but I called to mind the Mother of our Saviour, under the cross of her divine Son. I encouraged myself by thinking of the mother of the Macabees, of the apostles, and of the martyrs of our holy religion. I derived strength from the thought 'that the afflictions of this life would be succeeded by an eternal weight of glory;' in a word, I found myself inconceivably fortified by the consciousness of a firm and determined will—I knew what I would do, and for whom I suffered. If in the beginning, Wart pressed me to leave him, saying, that the sight of me augmented his sufferings, he now tenderly thanked me for not having abandoned him. He derived strength and consolation from my prayers."

"During the second night, the executioner heard somebody call him by his name.—He left us, and soon returned with a pensive look, and placed himself on his bed of straw."

"I cannot speak too much in praise of this man. In the most distressing moments he stood my friend. When night had thrown its dark mantle over us, it was he who put together the pieces of wood, to enable me to get on the wheel. Yes, Margaretta, though he was the murderer of my husband, I thought I could have embraced him."

"Excuse me, I beseech you, from detailing the particulars of the morning and noon of the last day. Some hours before sunset, Rodolph made a motion with his head; I jumped up, and leaped over him. I collected his last words, which were hardly intelligible: 'Gertrude, thou hast been faithful to me unto death!' At these words his eyes closed, his heart ceased to beat and to suffer. He died while I was praying. I fell on my knees under the wheel, and thanked God that he had given me grace to be faithful unto death."

This work is rather to be felt than criticised; but it were injustice to the translator, were we not to commend his part: he has done much for the interest of this most affecting story; which, by the by, we are not sure we have not noticed long ago, under some other shape. But even if so, it will bear repetition."

A desire to please is a commendable quality; but to please at the sacrifice of knowledge or virtue, is what can never be practised but by the vicious or abandoned.

## THE LITERARY CASKET.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1826.

### LITERARY.

A work has recently been issued from the press of Messrs. Cummings, Hillard & Co. of Boston entitled "*Sketches of Algiers*," by William Shaler, United States' Consul of Algiers.—From the extracts we have seen of the work, we think it must be found exceedingly interesting, as it develops the Political Economy, Manners, Customs, and habits of a people who have heretofore been comparatively unknown to us.—We, of America, have formed a false idea of the Algerine character, and as our intercourse with that nation has been somewhat restricted, and confined almost exclusively to unwelcome and unsought interchanges with their Corsairs, from our infancy up to manhood, we have been taught to associate the atrocities of the pirate and the villainies of the highwayman with the name of an Algerine.

But from Mr. Shaler's book, it will be found that the Algerines are not the very fiends incarnate, the fabulous tales of mariners and travellers have represented, and that, on the contrary, there are among them, as with us, different grades of society, and classes of people who would not disgrace the refined circles of European fashion and elegance. Mr. Shaler informs us that the government of Algiers is comprised of a Sovereign Chief, called the Dey of Algiers, together with a Council denominated the Divan, composed of an indefinite number of ancient military commanders. "The Divan elects the Dey, and deliberates upon such affairs as he chooses to lay before them. Such is the theory of the Government, but the Divan has dwindled into a mere phantom. The Dey assumes and exercises the rights of sovereign authority.—The election of the Dey is usually the result of the intrigue, of a faction among the Janissaries, the military, who are foreigners of the lowest order of people brought from the Levant, to recruit the army, to whom is reserved the exclusive right of filling all offices of trust, honor, or profit. The natives are entirely excluded from office, even the sons of the Dey, and other officers, *if born in Algiers*, are excluded; neither have they any voice in an election. Among such electors it will not be thought surprising that, a Dey is murdered to make room for some more fortunate adventurer; his immediate friends and adherents perish, or are plundered and exiled, and the public business or tranquility is not interrupted beyond twenty-four hours." These revolutions succeed each other with rapidity, and it is mere accident if a Dey dies a natural death. Any Turk who has been enrolled in the corps of Janissaries is eligible to the office of Dey. Speaking of the city government, Mr. Shaler says: "There is probably no city in the world, where there is a more vigilant police, where fewer cognizable crimes are committed, or where there is better security for person and property than in Algiers."

The fortune of a living Turk, though he is the legitimate holder of office, is very insecure, but that of a native, who is ineligible to any im-



important office, and consequently passive in political revolutions, is as well protected in Algiers as in any other country. From the operation of these causes, Algiers may be regarded as one of the richest cities in metallic wealth in the world. The widow of Achmet Bashaw lately died, leaving a fortune of several millions of dollars. Of the women, Mr. Shaler says: "Their principal characteristics of beauty are elegant forms, large dark eyes, long eye lashes and fine teeth, but the beauty most prized is that of excessive corpulency." The Moorish women are often married at twelve, and are completely in the wane of beauty at twenty-five, when they are often grandmothers. The inhabitants of Algiers may be regarded at this day as inconstant and treacherous, "but they are far from being the ferocious barbarians which the term *Algerine* seems by common consent to imply." Mr. Shaler has found them, in the common relations of life, civil, courteous and humane.

Mr. Shaler during his residence at Algiers, has never discovered any thing like bigotry; and although the Algerines are all Mahomedans, and fulfil the duties ordained by the doctrine they profess, with much scrupulousness, they evince no disposition to persecute those who differ with them, but quietly suffer foreigners to worship the Almighty in that way they think best, and in no instance have attempted to oppose the believers in Christianity.

Mr. Shaler's book, as far as we are capable of judging, from the extracts we have seen, we believe to be a work of much interest, and as such, would recommend it to those who wish for information, touching a country and a people, whose history, as well as whose habits and customs, have heretofore been almost unknown to us — *Literary Cadet*.

## VARIETY.

A writer in the National Banner, a paper published at Nashville, after noticing several new works which have recently appeared in the western states, turns his attention to two volumes of Miscellany, from the Tennessee press, one by Clark, and another by Dorris, and as specimens of the poetry of the authors, has selected the following:—

'I'll try to write in poet's art,  
To write the life of Bonaparte,  
About his kindred to indite,  
And on the fate of France to write.  
A Corsican by birth was he,  
From royal blood his name was free.'

CLARK.

'We crossed the Coosa above the Falls,  
Led on by Chinabbee, Jun Fife and Bill Quarels,  
Dorris.

*Temperance*.—I have observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire — a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in the heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his indignation or contempt at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things, to relish that share which is allotted to himself.

The late J. Kemble, who was remarkable for the length of his pauses, complaining one day to Sheridan of the want of novelty at the Drury-lane Theatre, expressed his conviction, that novelty alone could prevent the Theatre from sinking — "If you want novelty," replied Sheridan, "set Haniel, and have music played between your pauses."

How happy are those whose cultivated minds can, at all times, draw resources from themselves! To such, solitude is never irksome, and amusement charms with double zeal.—*Saint Pierre*.

A widow, who had been taught, by the declarations of her husband to believe that he would make a will much in her favour, immediately after his death found upon opening his testament, that he had acted very different, and excluded her from the property she had expected to possess. She made known her disappointment to her female servant, who cheered her spirits, by assuring her that the effect of the will might be avoided and a new one easily framed. The mistress desired to know by what means. The maid answered that there was a poor fellow named Tom, the barber, in the neighbourhood, who much resembled her late master, and for a small sum he would feign himself a dying man. If therefore an attorney was provided, and proper witnesses, a will subsequent to the date of the true one, which consequently would supersede it, might be made. Tom was sent for accordingly, and agreed to play his part. The parties were summoned, the attorney attended, and the expiring husband dictated his last testament to be framed according to the wishes and interests of his imaginary wife, for some time—but at length he proposed, that as he had till then complied with her desires, he might leave a legacy according to his own wish, which was £500 to Tom the barber! To prevent the discovery of the fraud, the lady was obliged to consent to the proposal, and faithfully pay the money to the proposer in order to secure his secrecy.

DANCING. "I'm an old fellow," says Cowper, in one of his letters to Hurd, "but I had once my dancing days as you have now; yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of a woman's real character by dancing with her, as by conversing with her at home where I could observe her behaviour at the table, at the fireside, and in all the trying circumstances of domestic life. We are all good when we are pleased, but she is the good woman who wants no fiddle to sweeten her."

The question "Why Printers do not succeed in business as well as Brewers?" was thus answered:—"Because Printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach, and where twenty men have a stomach, but one has a head."

## THE TRAVELLER.

The son of an old farmer, by some chance or other had travelled through several remote countries, and as it is not uncommon in such cases, returned home much richer in lies than in knowledge. A few days after his arrival, he accompanied his father (a sensible shrewd old fellow) to a market at some distance from the village. It happened that a mastiff-dog passed that way, which as soon as the stripping beheld, "Bless me! father," said he, "this puts me in mind of one that I saw in my travels, at least as large as the largest of our cart horses." "What you tell me," replies the father gravely, "astonishes me, but don't imagine that in this country we are wholly without prodigies? by and by we shall come to a bridge, which we shall be obliged to pass, and which is much more extraordinary than the dog of which you have been talking. They say it is the work of some Witch. All I know of it is this; that there lies a stone in the middle of it, against which one is sure to stumble as one passes on, and break at least a leg, if it so happen that one has lied in the course of the day." The youth was a little stratulated at this strange account. "At what a rate you are walking father!—but to return to this dog, how large did I say? as your largest horse?—Nay, for that matter, I believe it might be saying a little too much; for I recollect it was but six months old;—but I would be upon

oath that it was as big as a heifer." Hear the story rested, till they were a mile or two advanced on their way. The young man was very far from being comfortable. The fatal bridge appears at a distance—"Hear me, my dear father; indeed the dog, of which I have been speaking, was very large, but perhaps not quite so large as a heifer; I am sure, however, it was larger than a calf." At length they arrived at the foot of the bridge. The father passes on without a word. The son stops short. "Ah! father," says he, "you cannot be such a simpleton as to believe that I have seen a dog of such a size: for since I needs must speak the truth, the dog I met with in my travels, was about as big as the dog we saw an hour or two ago."

## LITERARY VARIETY.

Mr. Charles de Lasteyrie, son-in-law of Gen. Lafayette, is about to publish a new Journal Paris, called the "Journal of Ordinary and Practical Knowledge." The editor is promised the assistance of many men of talents.

GENERAL FOY.—The speeches of this celebrated orator have been published since his death, with success almost unexampled. Upwards of twenty thousand copies have been sold in a month. The collection is in two volumes, accompanied by biographical and other dissertations, by Tissot, Etienne, Viennet, Perrier and Jay, leading authors in France. The subscription for the children of the general amounts to nearly one million of francs.

FOUSSEAU.—The manuscript of an unpublished work of this eloquent man has been discovered, and is about to be published. It is a collection of thoughts and maxims, marked with the peculiar traits of his genius.

The London papers say, that the main subject of the forth-coming novel of Woodstock is now no secret. It is the escape of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, and the book takes its name from the circumstance of the King's being concealed for a time in the old royal hunting-seat, where Henry II. embowered Fair Rosamond, and the site of which Blenheim House now occupies. We understand that the Merry Fugitive, in his numberless disguises, constitutes one of the author's very happiest portraits, and that he is contrasted in the most effective manner with *Old Noll*, who at this period keeps his state in Windsor Castle.

'Forced' thought it grieves his soul, to 'reign alone.'

"The last of the mohicans" is spoken highly of in London, as being distinguished for novelty of incident, intense interest and descriptions of scenery and passion, conveyed in language strong and beautiful. The London "Representative" says of it—"We cannot help looking on this American as by far the best of all the imitations of the great novelist of Scotland."

A work entitled "The Life and Times of Napoleon," is preparing for the press in London, by Sir John Byerly. The London Literary Gazette remarks—"It is expected to make three volumes quarto; and promises, from the author's long residence in Paris, and acquaintance with many of the leading characters of the times to possess much new information." A life of Napoleon is also publishing in numbers at Paris. It is written by M. Arnault, author of *Germanicus*.

A new miscellaneous periodical is about to be established in London, to be called "The Literary Lounger." Also, another of a scientific character, to be called the "Phœnomenist."

Dr. Lyall will speedily publish "Memoirs of the Life and Reign of the late Emperor Alexander I. of Russia; a work which will also contain a sketch of the life of the reigning Autocrat."

## JENNIE WEBSTER.

[Original.]

## TO MARY.

'Tis eve—the stars come down and glow,  
Like blossoms on the waveless deep;  
The winds are still, the shadows throw  
Abroad their crimson tints, and sweep  
O'er the dim mountains. Far above  
Blue, blue, the bending heavens appear:—  
It is, it is the hour of Love,  
And I were blest if thou wert here.

No sound upon the air is borne,  
Save when the tones of ocean rise,  
Like the wind's music, when at morn  
It comes and in the pine-grove dies:  
And peace seems brooding like a dove,  
O'er scenes to every spirit dear:—  
It is, it is the hour of Love,  
And I were blest if thou wert here.

'Tis morn—the light breeze spreads its wing,  
And o'er the crystal billow flies;  
Soft music wakes its sweetest string,  
And morning's flow'ry perfumes rise,  
As incense to the clouds, that move  
Like spirits o'er yon skies so clear:—  
It is, it is the hour of Love,  
And I were blest if thou wert here.

The sun is up—the shadows flee—  
And floods of light come through the air,  
Sinking along the flashing sea,  
As if the beams of heaven were there!  
The mists that curl'd through yon bright grove,  
Seem beings of a purer sphere:—  
It is, it is the hour of Love,  
And I were blest if thou wert here.

Jewett City.

IL PENSEROSO.

## SPRING.

Since last we met you on the wing,  
Where have ye been ye birds of spring?  
Is it to some lone, distant Isle,  
Away from your native forest's smile?

'Tis to a land where silent bowers  
And fallen leaves and drooping flowers,  
Have made us weep our former home,  
And on joyous wings again we come.

And what have you seen since last ye fled  
From the spot where the beautiful sleep with the dead,  
Have ye been to the neat little cot by the hill,  
Where the willows sweep by the murmur'ing rill?

Oh we have been to that lonely shore,  
Where the gaze of the bright ones is seen no more,  
O'er our dear cherish'd spot is a bleak decay,  
And a deep voice has call'd us away, far away.

Q.

## RUSTIC SKETCH.

"Welcome Spring, and welcome Nanny"—BURNS.

Welcome April dark and hazy,  
Welcome though without a daisy,  
If by wintry storms oppress'd,  
Budding flow'rets gem thy breast.

Bursting tenants of the wild wood,  
Mary, I have cull'd for thee,  
Spotless as thy sunny childhood,  
When thy bosom throbb'd for me.

Welcome May with sun and showers,  
Welcome with thy fragrant bowers,  
Spread thy shadowy locks of gold,  
And thy radiant form unfold.  
Brightest flowers in gay profusion,  
Lovely maid, I've twin'd for thee;  
Wreaths to deck thy gentle bosom,  
Though it throbs no more for me.

Welcome all ye feathered choir,  
Spreading groves your joys require—  
Redbreasts sing your roundelay—  
Requiems call the twilight grey.  
Cease thou warblers, cease awhile,  
Mary canst thou on me smile?  
Transient days of youth and childhood,  
Will they e'er return to thee—  
Mourn ye minstrels of the wild wood,  
Mary has no love for me.

East-Hartford, May 9, 1826.

A matin song for those Sonnets who escort Ladies on their  
morning promenades.

## ARISE MY LOVE!

Arise my love! and come away,  
The lark has sung the early day;  
The sunbeams glance upon the hills,  
And glitter in the dewy spray.

Arise my Love!

Rude winter's surly blasts have blown:  
His storms of snow and hail are gone;  
The flowers are peeping sweetly forth,  
And spring's glad voice is heard alone.

Arise my Love!

The feathered songsters wake their lays,  
To greet returning sunny days;  
The trees their tender leaves put forth,—  
The breeze upon the water plays.

Arise my Love!

Arise my Love—and draw thou near,  
Thy voice is music to my ear;  
Oh! let me gaze upon thy charms,—  
Thou fairest work of nature here!

Arise my Love!

## ON LEAVING MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

Have I hidden adieu to my country forever,  
The victim of evils I could not control?  
Shall the friends, whom I love, again welcome me never  
To the scenes and affections still dear to my soul?

I've served thee, my country, in trouble and anguish,  
Endur'd thy neglect, (Oh! how bitter to me!)  
And e'en in despair, though my energies languish,  
The murmurs I utter—are uttered for thee.

Dear land, where I wandered in life's early season,  
My bosom unruffled by passion or woe,  
Ere infancy owned the dominion of reason,  
I lov'd thee—and can I forget thee?—Oh no.

Forget thee!—Oh Heaven!—While reason shall cherish  
One exquisite feeling, I'll proudly reveal  
How living, I lov'd thee, dear land!—When I perish,  
I'll breathe my last prayer for thy Glory and Weal!

## THE MOURNER.

From the Italian of "in Questo Tempo," &amp;c.

Night closes in: yon dim red star,  
Dying twilight comes to tell;  
And whispering breezes waft from far  
The music of the vesper bell.

Oh! not one lingering sound beside  
Breaks on the soft and stilly air,  
The moon is slumb'ring on the tide,  
And all is calm—and all is fair.

All, all, save in the mourner's breast,  
Where sorrowing mem'ry will not sleep;  
Without! the world is gone to rest;  
Within!—the heart remains to weep.

## GO TO THY MOTHER, BLUE EYED BOY.

"When his little hands shall press thee,  
"When his lip to thine is press'd;  
"Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—  
"Think of him thy prayer has blessed."

Go to thy mother, blue eyed boy,  
Near her anxious bosom creep:  
There hide thy grief, there show thy joy,  
There rest thy head in quiet sleep.

Go to thy mother, blue eyed boy,  
But lisp not "father" in her ear!  
It might her few bright hours alloy,  
And raise affection's sigh and tear.

Go to thy mother, blue eyed boy—  
Ask not of lands beyond the sea:  
A little world can smiles destroy—  
Her harp is on the willow tree.

Go to thy mother, blue eyed boy,  
Be like a rainbow to her mind;  
And let her hope, though floods annoy,  
Her dove may yet the olive find.

Go to thy mother, blue eyed boy,  
And when she clasps thy hands to pray—  
Thy unformed words she will employ,  
To speak for him who's far away.

Go to thy mother, blue eyed boy,  
And be to her a source of bliss:  
Oh, let her, as around you coo,  
Give thee, for me, a maddening kiss!

Go to thy mother, blue eyed boy,  
And let thy face tell this to me:  
I'm miserable here, my boy—  
I'm far from her, away from thee!

## NEW SONG.

When a poor little maid feels her senses astray,  
Cannot sleep on her pillow, nor rest all the day,  
See a form still pursue her, do all that she can,  
And this form should be that of a handsome young man,  
Sly neighbours will whisper then, good luck-a-day!  
The poor little maid's in a very sad way.

When of all her old friends she begins to grow shy;  
When she speaks very seldom, and speaks with a sigh;  
When, though witty or wise, she appears like a dunce,  
And folks wonder what's come to the maid all at once,  
Sly neighbors will whisper then, good luck-a-day!  
The poor little maid's in a very sad way.

English Paper.

## AGENTS FOR THE LITERARY CASKET.

MAINE.			
Calvin Spaulding,	-	-	Hallowell.
NEW-HAMPSHIRE.			
Isaac Hill,	-	-	Concord.
MASSACHUSETTS.			
Benjamin H. Greene,	-	-	Boston.
Samuel Bowles,	-	-	Springfield.
Levi Buckley,	-	-	Pittsfield.
CONNECTICUT.			
Hezekiah Howe,	-	-	New-Haven.
Samuel Greene,	-	-	New-London.
Ernest Smith,	-	-	Berlin, (N. Britain Society.)
Norris Wilcox,	-	-	Berlin, (Worthington Society.)
Miss A. Holcomb,	-	-	Taunton.
Thaddeus Welles,	-	-	Glastenbury.
L. T. Pease,	-	-	Field.
William S. Nichols,	-	-	Middletown.



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## THE WRITER.

[Original.]

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The winds are still, the shadows throw  
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Requiem call the twilight grey.  
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And e'en in despair, though my energies languish,  
The murmurs I utter—are uttered for thee.

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My bosom unruffled by passion or woe,  
Ere infancy owned the dominion of reason,  
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One exquisite feeling, I'll proudly reveal  
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The music of the vesper bell.

Oh! not one lingering sound beside  
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The moon is slumbering on the tide,  
And all is calm—and all is fair.

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Go to thy mother, blue eyed boy,  
But lip not "father" in her ear!  
It might her few bright hours alloy,  
And raise affection's sigh and tear.

Go to thy mother, blue eyed boy—  
Ask not of lands beyond the sea:  
A little world can smiles destroy—  
Her harp is on the willow tree.

Go to thy mother, blue eyed boy,  
Be like a rainbow to her mind;  
And let her hope, though floods annoy,  
Her dove may yet the olive find.

Go to thy mother, blue eyed boy,  
And when she clasps thy hands to pray—  
Thy unformed words she will employ,  
To speak for him who's far away.

Go to thy mother, blue eyed boy,  
And be to her a source of bliss:  
Oh, let her, as around you cloy,  
Give thee, for me, a maddening kiss!

Go to thy mother, blue eyed boy,  
And let thy face tell this to me:  
I'm miserable here, my boy—  
I'm far from her, away from thee!

## NEW SONG.

When a poor little maid feels her senses astray,  
Cannot sleep on her pillow, nor rest all the day,  
See a form still pursue her, do all that she can,  
And this form should be that of a handsome young man,  
Sly neighbours will whisper then, good lack-a-day!  
The poor little maid's in a very sad way.

When of all her old friends she begins to grow shy;  
When she speaks very seldom, and speaks with a sigh;  
When, though witty or wise, she appears like a dunce,  
And folks wonder what's come to the maid all at once:  
Sly neighbors will whisper then, good lack-a-day!  
The poor little maid's in a very sad way.

English Paper.

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